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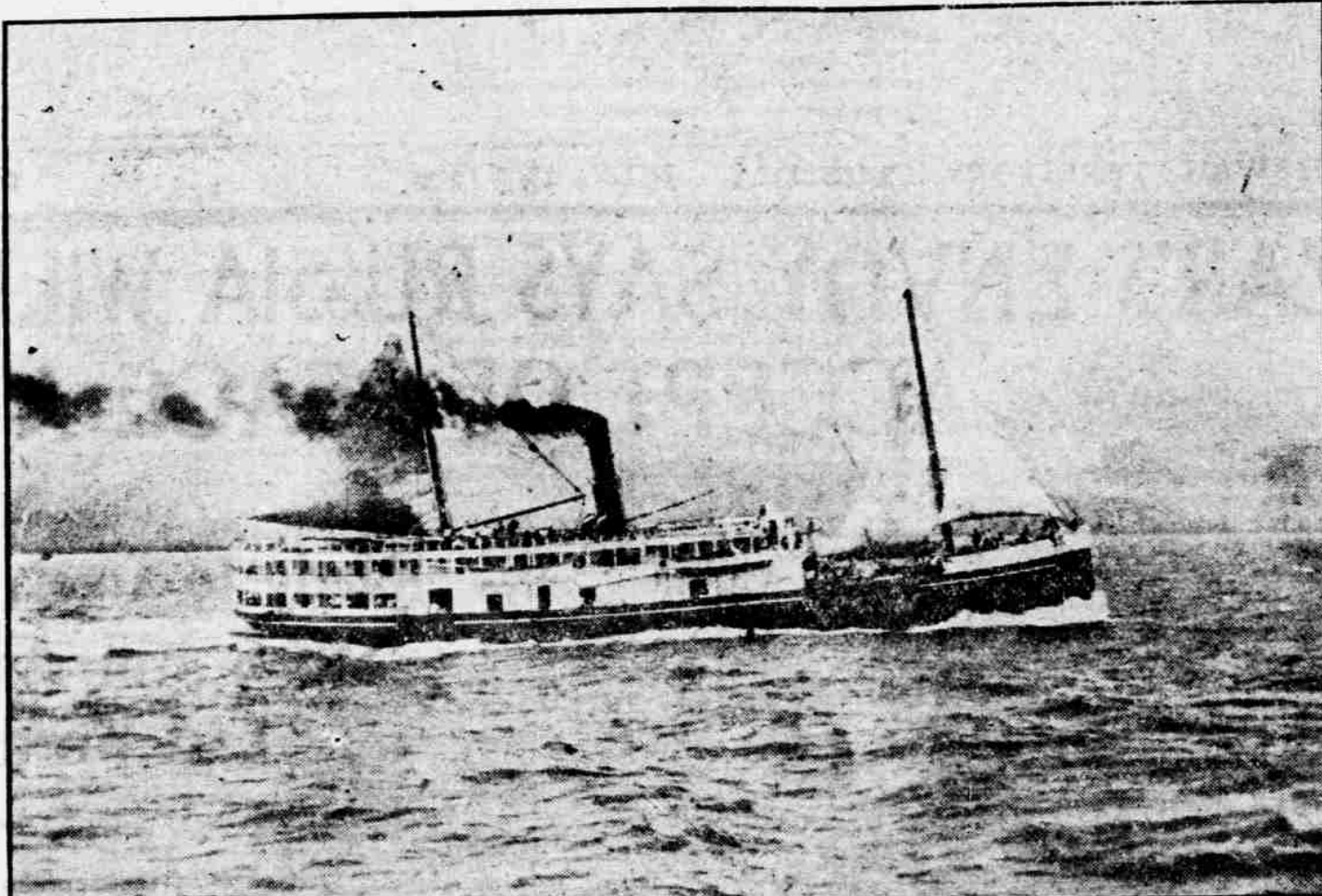
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DOWN THE SLEEPY KONA COAST



MAUNA LOA, THE KONA BOAT OF THE INTER-ISLAND FLEET.

The Mauna Loa Can Sail Rings Around the Kinau, but There are Times When She Does Not Do the Trick.

By Sol. N. Sheridan.

It was a gallant race while it lasted,
but the Mauna Loa can sail rings
around the Kinau. Not a doubt
of it. And if you had been at the
Inter-Island wharves a couple of weeks
ago, on the first day that Admiral
Beckley's boat sailed under the new
ownership, you would have seen it for
yourself.

The boats were booked to leave the
dock at noon, both of them. That was
a condition that was full of interest-
ing possibilities, because when the two
fleets were two each flagship had its
partisans, and each partisan was of
the fighting kind. A straight ticket
politician would not have been a cir-
cumstance.

Then the mail boat due that day was
late in arriving, and the sailing of the
island boats was put off for an hour.
This for both of them, mind you. The
authorities and the fates were deter-
mined that there should be a race.
Would mere steamboat men and pas-
sengers balk them? Not for a moment.

JOCKEYING FOR PLACE.

The Mauna Loa lay at the wharf
farthest up the harbor. The crowd on
each wharf grew denser as the time
for the sailing of the boats approached.
The partisans were gathering, all the
old Wilder crowd around the Kinau
and the old Inter-Island crowd about
the Mauna Loa. The boats drew away,
at last, with whistles tooting, and with
a mighty cheer from the throats of
those left on shore. If anything, the
Kinau had just a fraction the better
of the start—or, it seemed to me,
standing on the deck of the Mauna
Loa, that she began to slip from her
wharf first. Maybe I did not feel our
own ship move as quickly as I saw
the Kinau begin to slip away. Maybe
Captain Freeman set his watch just
the merest particle of a second ahead.

At all events, he had a sea jockey
to reckon with, for as the Kinau slipped
out into the stream the Mauna Loa
backed away as easily—and, maybe
because she was the shorter boat of
the two, maybe because she answered
her helm more readily, she turned first
and straightened out for the run down
the harbor, passing the larger Kinau
as though she were standing still.

Some ribald persons standing on the
deck beside me shouted to Captain
Freeman as we passed:

"Hi, there! Throw us a rope!"

NOT TO THE SWIFT, ALWAYS.

But we had a sea dog to reckon with,
and a stern one. The Kinau straight-
ened out, too, in marvellously quick
time, and came booming along behind
us with a bone in her teeth. Not a
doubt of the fact, that Captain Free-
man meant to give us a run for our
money.

The Mauna Loa rounded the buoy,
going beautifully and with all sail set.
The Kinau was so close behind her
that it seemed you could have tossed
an apple from one ship to the other.
And all the passengers who had not
begun to feel the qualms of their true
inwardness as the boats dipped to the
outer swell, watched the race with the
most vivid interest. Presently, Purser
Conklin came around, his face alight
with confidence in his ship, but with
a hint of something like relief in his
voice, too, as he said:

"We will beat her an hour into La-
haina. She must stop at Kaunakakai."

But there were more things to come
before either boat had crossed Molokai
channel. The Mauna Loa held her
lead past Waikiki, and a little more
than held it. It seemed that the Ki-
nau, despite the most gallant effort,
was to see nothing but heels for her
first trip under the Inter-Island flag,
which gave a touch of pathos to her
coming abreast of the Beckley resi-
dence at the foot of Diamond Head,
where the Wilder pennant, absent now

from the sea, still flew to greet her
on the shore.

A BREAKDOWN.

And then, as if the fates that rule
the waves could not endure to see the
old ship disgraced before the old pen-
nant, something in the internal econ-
omy of the Mauna Loa gave way and
the steamer stopped dead, save for the
way she had on her. The Kinau
shot past her with all sails drawing
and her propeller raising a long white
wake astern of her to wash the bows
of her rival. For twenty minutes, may-
be, the Mauna Loa stood there. It
seemed, indeed, as if she never would
get going again. The trade wind
freshened, and the seas were rising.

The Kinau, running like a scared wolf,
was so far away that it began to look
as though she would soon be out of
sight. Still farther away, out in the
channel, the Likelike was likewise tum-
bling along, and apparently making
better weather of it than either of
her big sisters. She is a good sea
boat, that little Likelike, although she
rolls a trifle more than the Mauna Loa.

But all things come to an end, and
the delay to the Mauna Loa did. With
a screaming salute, a kind of defiance
it may have been, to the Wilder pen-
nant on shore, the propeller began to
move once more, and the Mauna Loa
to pick up her heels. It seemed a hope-
less race, at that distance, and in the
sea that was running, but Captain
Simerson was not the man to give up
until he had tried all that there was
in his boat.

AHEAD ONCE MORE.

He gave her all she had, and she
responded gallantly. It was a long
chase. Away ahead, in the rollers of
Molokai channel, the Kinau was diving
under the waves, almost, throwing the
spindrift up to the blue sky. She
passed the Likelike, despite the little
boat's gallant struggle, and sent a long
streamer of black smoke back to smother
the Mauna Loa if it could. Also, the
Mauna Loa passed the Likelike.

The little boat, making gallant weather
of it still, fell away astern, very slowly.
The Mauna Loa, as it seemed, over-
hauled the Kinau still more slowly.

Both boats had passed Molokai point
when the Mauna Loa overhauled her
rival, and passed her. Only when she
had been passed, did the Kinau begin
to drop astern fast. And then she did
not lose so much as she might have
done, for when the Mauna Loa, after
sunset, was hauling out of the road-

stead of Lahaina, the Kinau was com-
ing in. At that she had made the
stop at Kaunakakai. Likewise she was
at Maalaea Bay as we were coming
out of it. The ways of the two boats
parted there.

DOWN THE KONA COAST.

It was a still and beautiful sea that
lay along the Kona Coast, where the
Mauna Loa plies after she has passed
the turbulent channel between Maui
and the big island. The channel, by
the way, is crossed in the night, the
ship getting into Kailua soon after
sunrise, and if you are a good sailor
you will have slept over the rough
part of the road and be ready for the
smooth sea in the morning.

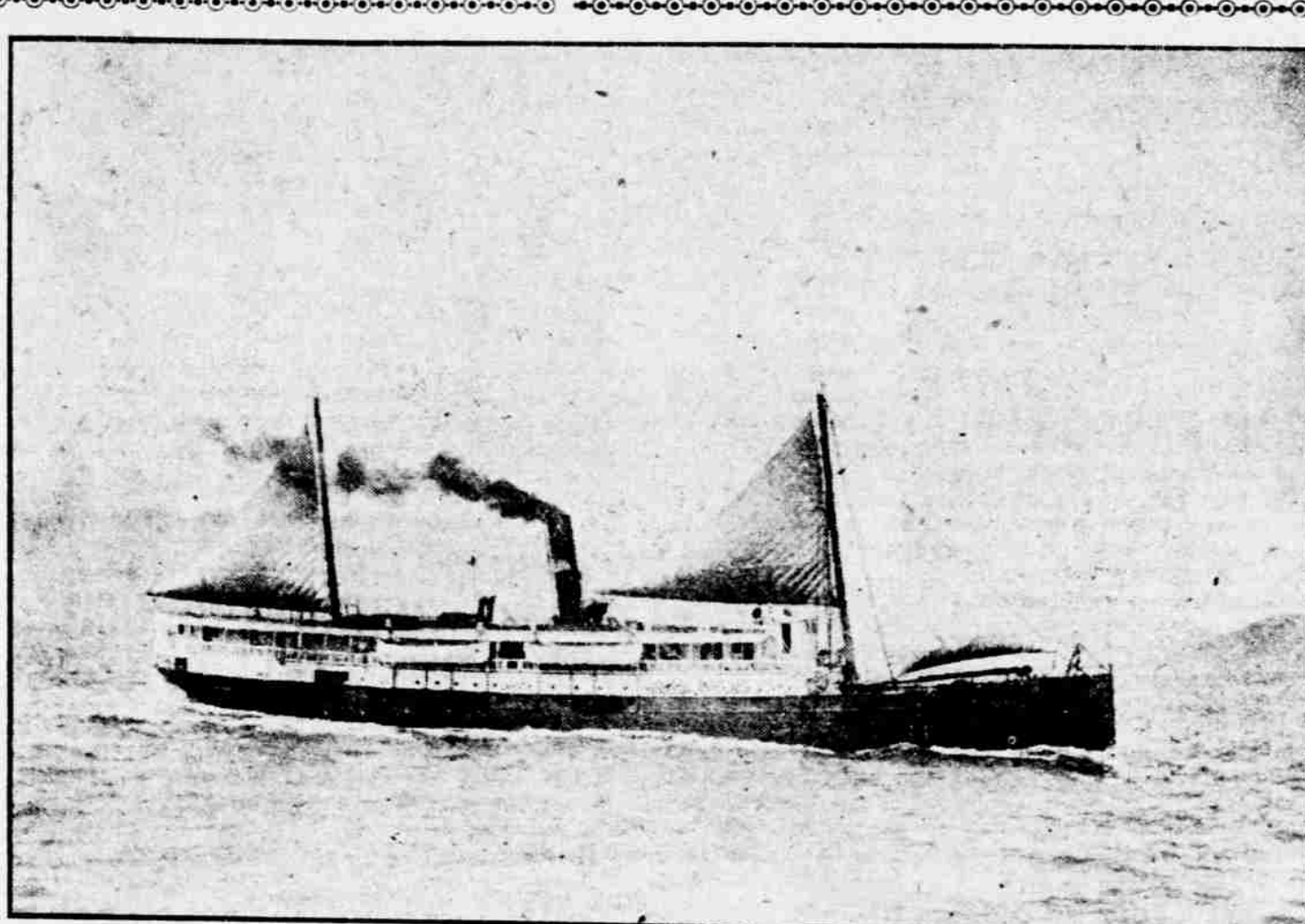
The barkentine Kikikat was lying at
Kailua, ready to load sugar, when I
went ashore there, and saw for the
first time the old time favorite resort
of the kings of Hawaii. Those kings
knew a good thing when they saw it,
even if they did not always have the
wisdom to hold onto it. One can fancy
that Kailua might have been a de-
lightful place of resort in the old days
of the full-fed monarchs, although it
is several other things besides de-
lightful now.

The town is down close to the water,
and is as still and quiet as the sea,
almost. But it does not smell so well.
It is full of aliens not overly clean,
and hogs, with the same qualification,
and donkeys too lazy, apparently, to
lift their voices in the songs of
Kona. It is said, however, that they
sing at night—and maybe they do. A
great many things need the kindly
cover of the darkness.

At Kailua it is customary for the
tourist to leave the steamer and ride
overland to Napoopoo, which is on the
bay where Captain Cook first landed.
That thing is worth doing once, even
with the Portuguese drivers and the
somewhat dilapidated old surreys that
are kept at Kailua for the accommoda-
tion. But, if you have done that Kona ride
once, I would not recommend it to you
again. Because the Mauna Loa is
much more comfortable than the sur-
reys—and the roads of Kona leave
something to be desired.

DOWN HILL ENTHUSIASM.

Also, you are apt to be sorry for
the horses. The road out of Kailua
winds up the steep hillside, through a
somewhat desolate country covered
with cactus for some miles, and then
into a sort of continuous settlement,
one little kulana after another each
set apart from the other by rough
stone walls enclosing plots of all im-
aginable shapes. These were planted
to coffee trees, once, and the trees
are still there. But they have been
neglected for years, apparently, and
the trees have run wild, or seem to
have run wild, and look uncared for,
and there are among them the old
papaia and mango trees of an older
civilization. Here and there rocky
paths lead up among the thickets on
the higher mountains, or down among
the stone walls in the direction of the
sea. The sea itself, blue and beauti-
ful, stretches away into the infinite
distance, and a steep mountain, forest



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